

THE CITY OF BRIDGEPORT
vs. **JULIETTE S. NOBLE AND JOHN T. FRIDE**
Order of Notice.
JULIETTE S. NOBLE AND JOHN T. FRIDE, of the County of Fairfield, State of Connecticut, ss. COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Bridgeport, March 31st, A.D. 1908.
Upon the complaint of the said City of Bridgeport, praying for reasons therein set forth, for a foreclosure of Tax Liens as described, returnable to the Court of Common Pleas, in and for Fairfield County, on the first Tuesday of May, 1909. It appearing to and being found by the undersigned authority that Juliette S. Noble one of the said defendants is absent from this State and gone to parts unknown.

THEREFORE ORDERED, That notice of the pendency of said complaint be given by publishing this order in the Bridgeport Evening Farmer, a newspaper printed in Bridgeport two weeks successively, commencing on or before the 22nd day of April, A. D. 1908.

SIDNEY N. LOCKWOOD,
Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for Fairfield County. S31*

THE CITY OF BRIDGEPORT
vs. **CHARLES KUTCHER AND ROBERT KUTCHER**
Order of Notice.
CHARLES KUTCHER AND ROBERT KUTCHER, of the County of Fairfield, State of Connecticut, ss. COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Bridgeport, March 31st, A.D. 1908.
Upon the complaint of the said City of Bridgeport, praying for reasons therein set forth, for a foreclosure of Tax Liens as described, returnable to the Court of Common Pleas, in and for Fairfield County, on the first Tuesday of May, 1909. It appearing to and being found by the undersigned authority that Charles Kutcher one of the said defendants is absent from this State and gone to parts unknown.

THEREFORE ORDERED, That notice of the pendency of said complaint be given by publishing this order in the Bridgeport Evening Farmer, a newspaper printed in Bridgeport two weeks successively, commencing on or before the 22nd day of April, A. D. 1908.

SIDNEY N. LOCKWOOD,
Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for Fairfield County. S31*

NOTICE.
By virtue of an execution to directed, and will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, at the public sign-post in the City of Bridgeport, on Monday, the fifth day of April, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to satisfy said execution and my fees thereon, the following described property, to wit: One bar and back bar piping and fixtures connecting with one pool table and fixtures, six chairs, two tables, gas fixtures, six measures, one stove, one bottle washing apparatus, two summer doors, and a quantity of liquors, 100 cigars and thirty jugs.

Deeded at Bridgeport, this 20th day of March, 1909.
Attest:
WILLIAM F. RUSSELL,
Sheriff of the City of Bridgeport.

ANTAL MIDY
Sole Agent for the City of Bridgeport, Conn.
Sole Agent for the City of Bridgeport, Conn.

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THE LADY OF THE HEAVENS.

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(Continued.)

"Nothing but to die," she answered, "to die together; and, dear, that should not be so hard, seeing that for so long we have thought each other dead apart."

"Yet it is hard," answered Richard, "after living through so much and being led so far, to die at last and never know where we are."

"Rachel looked at Nole, who sat opposite to them, her head rested on her hand.

"Have you anything to say, Sister?" she asked.

"Yes, Zoola. Here is a little moss that I have found upon the stones, and she produced a small bundle. 'Let us boil it and eat, it will keep us alive for another day.'"

"What is the use?" asked Rachel, "unless there is more."

"There is no more," said Nole, "for the leaves of yonder tree are deadly poison, and here grows no other living thing. Still, eat and live on, for I wait a message."

"A message from whom?" asked Rachel.

"A message from the dead, Sister. It was promised to me by Nya before she passed, and if it does not come, then it will be time to die."

So they made fire and boiled the moss till it was a horrible, sticky substance, which they swallowed as best they could, washing it down with gulps of water. Still it was food of a kind, and for a while stayed the hunger, empty pains and thirst.

Only Nole ate but little, so that there might be more for the others.

That night was even hotter than those that had gone before, and during the day which followed the place became like a hell. They crept into the cave, and lay there gasping for breath, and from without came loud crackling sounds, caused, as they thought, by the trees of the forest splitting in the heat. About midday suddenly the air became densely overcast, although no breath stirred; the air was thicker than ever, to breathe it was like breathing hot steam.

In the afternoon the heat became desperate they wandered out of the cave, and to their surprise saw a dwarf standing upon the top of the wall. It was Eddo, who called to them to come out and give themselves up.

"What are the terms?" asked Nole. "That thou and the Wanderer shall die by the White Death, and that the Inkosazana shall be installed Mother of the Trees," was the answer.

"We refuse them," said Nole. "Let us go now and give us food and escort, and thou shalt be spared. Refuse, and it is thou and thy people who will die by that Red Death which Nya promised thee."

"That we shall learn before to-morrow," said Eddo with a mocking laugh, and vanished down the wall without upon them, causing the forest without to rock and groan. Nole turned her face towards it and seemed to listen.

"What is it?" asked Rachel. "I heard a voice in the wind, Sister," she answered. "The message I awaited has come to me."

"What message?" asked Richard listlessly.

"That I will tell you by and by, Chief," she answered. "Come to the cave, it is no longer safe here, the hurricane breaks."

So supporting each other they crept back to the cave, and there Nole made fire, feeding it with the idols and precious woods that had been brought thither as offerings. Richard and Rachel watched her wondering, for it seemed strange that she should make a fire in that heat where there was nothing to cook. Meanwhile the wind ceased, and a tempest of screaming wind swept over them, though no rain fell. Soon it was so fierce that the deep-rooted trees of the forest were blown from the crest of the great wall.

Then of a sudden Nole sprang up, and seized a flaming brand from the fire; it was the limb of a fetich, made of some resinous wood. She ran from the cave swiftly, and before they could follow she was gone. The forest glowed, to return again in a few moments weak and breathless.

"Come out," she said, "and see a sight such as you shall never behold again," and there was something so strange in her voice that, notwithstanding their weakness, they rose and followed her.

Outside the cave they could not stand because of the might of the hurricane, but cast themselves upon the ground, and following Nole's outstretched arm, looked up towards the top of the mountain. Then they saw the Tree of the tribe was on fire. Already its vast trunk and boughs were wrapped in flame, but burnt furiously because within them were stored up the flames of the forest. The flames spread rapidly, leaping from tree to tree, now in one direction, now in another, as the hurricane veered, which it did continually, till the whole green forest became a sheet of fire, ever-widening sheet which spread east and west and north and south for miles and miles and tens of miles.

Earth and sky were one blaze of light given out by the torch-like resinous trees as they burned from the top downwards. By that intense light the three watchers could see hundreds of the People of the Dwarfs flitting about between the trunks. Waving their arms and gibbering, they rushed this way and that, to the north to be met by fire, to the south to be met by fire, till at length the blazing boughs and boles fell upon them and they disappeared in showers of red sparks, or, more fortunate, fled away, never to return, before the flame that leapt after them. One company of them ran towards the Sanctuary; they could see them threading their path between the trees, and growing ever fewer as the burning branches fell among them from above. They leapt, they ran, they battled, springing this way and

that, but ever the great flaring boughs crashed down among them crushing them, shrivelling them up, till at length all their number but a single man staggered into the open bit between the edge of the forest and the wall.

His white hair and his garments seemed to be smouldering. He gripped at them with his hands, and came to a little bush—it was the top of Nya's tree which she had thrust into the ground, and he staggered up it, and began to beat himself with it as though to extinguish the flames.

In an instant it took fire also, burning him horribly, and with a yell he threw it to the ground, and ran on towards the wall. As he came they saw his face. It was that of Eddo.

At this moment seized by some sudden weakness, Nole sank down upon the stones. Richard bent over her to lift her to her feet again, but she thrust him away, saying slowly and in gasps:

"Let me be, the doom has hold of me. I am dying, passed within the Fences, and the Tree and the poison is at work within me, and the curse of all my people has fallen on my head. Yet I have saved thee and thy lover, for I have saved thee and thy lover, for the Dwarfs are no more, the Grey People are grey ashes. For my love's sake I did the thing that I did, and I am glad if it may, or at the least think kindly of me through the long, happy years that are to come, and at the end of them thou shalt tell my story to the World of Ghosts if she may be found there."

He spoke these words a sound of something scrambling among the stones, and at one of the four entrances of the turret there appeared a hideous, fire-baked face, and a little form about which hung chains and smouldering strips of raiment. It was Eddo, who had climbed the wall and found Nole still there, but fast growing insensible at them, or rather as Nole, who was crouched upon the floor.

"Come, hither, daughter of Seyapi," he said, and came towards him; "come hither, and see thy work thou who hast made an end of the ancient People of the Ghosts. Come hither and tell me what thou didst, for I would learn the truth before I die, that I may make report of it to the Fathers of our race."

Nole heaved, and crept towards him; to Rachel and Richard it seemed as though she could not disobey that summons. Now they sat face to face outside the turret, clinging to the stones, and her long hair flowed outwards on the gale.

"I did it, Eddo," she said, "to save one whom I love, and him whom she loves. I did it to avenge the death of Nya upon you all, as she bade me to do. I did it because the cup of thy wickedness is full, and because I was appointed to bring thy doom upon thee. Thus ends the greatness thou hadst dotted so many years to win, Eddo."

"Aye," he answered, "thus it ends, for the magic of the White One there overcome me, and thus with it ends the reign of the Ghost Kings, and the forest wherein they reigned, and thus, too, thou endest, traitress, who hast murdered thence, and whose soul shall be split with their souls."

As the words left his lips suddenly Eddo sprang upon Nole and gripped her about the middle, and Richard and Rachel leapt forward, but before they could lay a hand upon her to save her, the dwarf in his rage and agony had dragged her to the edge of the wall. For a moment they struggled there in the vivid light of the flaming forest. Then Eddo screamed aloud, and his savage shriek, and still holding Nole in his arms hurled himself from the wall, to fall crushed upon its foundation stones sixty feet beneath.

Thus perished Nole, who, for love's sake, gave her life to save Rachel, as once Rachel had saved her.

It was morning, and after the tempest the sky was clear and cool, and heavy rain had fallen when the wind dropped, although smoke showed the dense clouds of rolling smoke showed where they were, and the forest was still full of the forest. Rachel and Richard, seated hand in hand in the little tower, looked out, and saw a banner on that pure light, and saw signs in each other's face that could not be mistaken.

"What shall we do?" asked Richard. "Death is very near to us," Rachel thought awhile, then answered:

"The dwarfs are gone, we have nothing more to fear from them. Yonder where the fire did not burn, dwell their slaves, whose villages are full of food, and beyond them the Urukulu, who know and would befriend me. Let us go and seek food who desire to live on together, as we may."

So they climbed down the wall, and with difficulty, for they were very feeble, crawled over the stones which they had piled up in the passage to keep out the dwarfs, and thus passed to the open belt beyond. A strange scene met their eyes, all the wide lands that had been covered with ghastly trees were now piled over with white ashes amongst which here and there stood a black and smouldering trunk. The journey was terrible, but followed a ridge of rock whereon no great trees had grown, hand in hand they passed through the outer edge of the burnt forest, and sat down upon the one of the towns of the slaves upon the fertile plain beyond, which led up to the desert. No human being could they see, since all had died, but the kraal was full of sheep and cattle that had been penned there before the fire began, and in the huts were milk and food, and they drank of the milk, and, after a while, ate a little, then rested and drank more milk, till their strength began to return.

Towards evening they went out of the town, and standing on a mound looked at the fire-wasted plain behind, and the green grass in the distance. They seemed quite alone in the world, those two, and yet their hearts were full of joy and thankfulness, for while they were left to each other they knew that they could never be alone.

"See, Rachel," said Richard, pointing to the smouldering wreck of the forest. "There lies our past, and here in front of us spreads the future clothed with flowers."

"Yes, Richard," she answered, "but Nole and all whom I love save you are buried in that past, and in front of us the desert is not far away."

"Life is ours, and love is ours, and that which saved us through many a danger and brought me back to you, will surely keep us safe. Do you fear to pass the desert at my side?"

She looked at him with shining eyes, and answered:

"No, Richard, I fear no more, for now I seem to hear the voice of Nole speaking in my heart, telling me that trouble is behind us, and that we shall live together, as my mother foresaw that we should do."

And there on the mound, standing between that dead sea of ashes and the green slopes of flowering plain, Rachel stretched out her arms to the man to whom she was decreed.

THE END.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.
Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism and Neuralgia is a really curative in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the case immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents and \$1. Sold by Curtis Pharmacy, 1149 Main St. cor. Elm.

More Than 20 Ingredients,—Roots, Herbs, Barks,—

Known to possess great medicinal value, are combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Every physician must inevitably prescribe some of these ingredients in all blood diseases and in troubles with the stomach, liver and kidneys.

He must prescribe them because there are no others known to the profession. Hood's Sarsaparilla comprises all that are of any known and tested merit. And every one that we use is gathered at the season of its greatest medicinal value.

The wonderful power of Hood's Sarsaparilla is due:

1, To its peculiar combination of so many different remedies;

2, To the peculiar process by which the full curative strength of every one of them is extracted and retained; and

3, To the peculiar effect—purifying, appetite-giving and strength-building—that it has upon 99 out of every 100 persons who take it.

That it is an extraordinary medicine is further proved by its extraordinary record of cures. Cures of scrofula, eczema, psoriasis, boils, abscesses and all humors of the blood; cures of rheumatism, the prostrating after-effects of the grip and diphtheria and other blood-poisoning diseases; cures of bilious and dyspeptic troubles, loss of appetite, and that tired feeling.

Just now—when weather changes have such debilitating effect—is the time to take it.

"I have great faith in Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it has done me so much good. I believe it is the very best spring and autumn tonic. Yes, the best blood medicine for any time of year. I take it whenever I get a little run down, and my system needs toning up, and find it always reliable and beneficial. My father takes it for rheumatism in his shoulders and arms, and says it helps him wonderfully. I am pleased to recommend so good a medicine to all my neighbors and friends." L. S. Ward, The Retreat, 61 Whittier street, Haverhill, Mass., Jan. 31, 1909.

"I am the youngest and only living son of Dr. J. Blackman, well known in Massachusetts. My father always recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla as the greatest blood purifier on earth, and I can certify to the same thing." Newton M. Blackman, Hotel Savoy, Danbury, Ct.

Be sure to get Hood's. If urged to buy any preparation said to be "just as good," you may be sure it is inferior, costs less to make, and yields the dealer a larger profit.

Get a bottle today, in the usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets called Sarsabats.

IN LOCAL LODGE ROOMS

Doings in the lodge rooms last night.

Many years ago the city of Bridgeport, was the home of the Paugussett Indians. On Golden Hill, near where the Court House now stands, was situated their last home. One of the youngest, and the only surviving Chief, of that famous band of Paugussetts of this reservation, Chief Whirl Wind with his friend and bosom companion, a descendant of the Iroquois band, one of the Six Nations, will be the guest of Konkaptanah Tribe, No. 30, April 13. It has been many years since this famous trader has been in his old hunting grounds. It is the desire of the tribe that all of the Red Men in this and the near by hunting grounds assemble at the wigwam, on this sleep and assist in making this a banner night in the order. The Past Sachems, of this tribe will be in attendance, and put on the Adoption degree. The work will be done by a team that has not had a drill in over ten great suns. The work will be according to old ritual, and as all of the team are proficient in the work, the eight candidates will receive their just reward.

Two brothers come out and greet the Old Chief's. Every stump will be taken, and many will have to sit on the wigwam floor.

R. A. M.
Jerusalem chapter, R. A. M., held its annual convocation, at which the following officers were elected and later installed by Past High Priest E. B. Ellis, assisted by Past High Priest C. H. Huntton; High priest, Arthur B. Lieberman; Past High Priest, L. F. Foris; excellent scribe, F. M. Canfield; captain of host, G. B. Kimball; principal scribe, M. C. Penfield; royal arch-captain, E. A. Wigley; grand master of second veil, Jerome L. Alvord; grand master of first veil, Frank C. Bogart; chaplain, C. H. Huntton; orator, C. W. Roberts; tyler, C. W. King.

F. O. F.
A number of applications were received at the meeting of Court Marina, F. O. F., which will swell the size of the class to be initiated soon. The initiation was decided upon definitely. After the meeting a social, for which was held, there being songs and dances by a number of those present.

F. B. L.
At the meeting of Golden Hill Council, No. 22, Fraternal Benefit League, it was decided to hold the meetings in the future in the Tigers hall in the Police building, on every first and third Friday. Three candidates were favorably voted upon, while four applications were also received.

I. O. O. F.
Lessing lodge, I. O. O. F., voted at its meeting not to hold the dedication of their new hall on April 6 as had been planned, but to defer it and hold the dedication upon the next meeting. The usual social session followed the meeting.

A. O. H.
The Ladies' Auxiliary, A. O. H., held their first meeting in the old Elks' hall, State and Court streets, receiving the candidates. Meetings hereafter will be on the first and third Fridays of the month. The auxiliary is planning to hold a social in May.

W. O. W.
Nine new members were admitted and four applications received at the meeting of Live Oak Camp, W. O. W.

I. O. G. T.
Pequonnock lodge of Good Templars held an orange social at their lodge room last night. Prizes were awarded in several novel contests. H. P. Rugg made the most accurate guess on the number of seeds in an orange, and Stephen Horton, Jr., the least accurate. Miss Melissa Carley had the orange with the largest number of seeds. Miss Florence Rouland was second. A musical and literary program was well rendered by Frank Rouland, H. P. Rugg, Paul Hooper, Miss Nellie Fletcher, Robert Broadbridge, Miss Melissa Carley, N. M. Ellow, Florence Rouland and Chief Templar Carl Johnson of North Star lodge.

Better Than Spanking.
Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W, Notre Dame, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties.

MONEY
For Easter Shopping
\$10 and Upward

During the recent depression everybody has been wondering and worrying how they will get their Easter outfit. Don't let anything like that worry you. Call to see us as we have plenty of money and will gladly give you full particulars in reference to same.

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